

The Tragedy

He is frankt vp to fating for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it,

Rm. A vertuous and Christian like conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Glo. So doe I euer being well aduised,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cats. Maddam his Maiesty doth call for you :
And for your noble grace and you my Lord.

Qu. *Catsby* we come, Lords will you goe with vs.

R. Maddam we will attend your grace. *Exunt Ma. Glo.*

Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to braul,
The secret mischiefe that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the greevous charge of others :

Clarence, whome I indeede haue laid in darkenesse :
I doe beweepe to many simple gulls :

Namely to Hastings, Darby Buckingham,

And say it is the Queene, and her allies.

That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.

Now they belecue me, and withall wet me

To bee reuenged one *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.

But then sigh, and with a peece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :

And thus I cloath my naked villany

With old od ends, stolen out of holy writ,

And seeme a S. when most I play the diuell.

But soft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*

How now, my hardly stout resolu'd mates,

Are yea not going to dispatch this deed ?

Exc. We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,

When you haue done repaire to *Crosby* place :

But heere, be suddaine in the execution :

Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,

For *Clarens* is well spoken, and perhaps

May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.

Exc. Tush, feare not, my Lord we will not stant to prate,

Talkers are no good doers be assured :

We come to vse our hands and not our tongues.

of Richard the Th

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when f
I like you Lads, about your businesse.

Enter Clarence Broken

Bro. Why looks your Grace so he

Cla. O I haue past a miserable night

So full of vgly sights, of gasty dreames

That as I am a Christian faithfull man

I would not spend another such a night

Though t'were to by a world of happy

So full of dismall terror was the time

Bro. What was your dreame ? I lon

Cla. Me thought I was imbarke for

And in my company my brother *Glo*

Who from my cabben tempted me to

Vpon the hatches there he looks tow

And cited up a thousand fearefull time

During the warres of *Torke* and *Lanca*

That had befallen vs : as we past along

Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatche

Me thought that *Glocester* stumbled a

Strooke me (that thought to stay him

Into the tumbling billowes of the mai

Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it

What dredfull noyse of water in mine

What a sight of death within mine eye

Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull

Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed

Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, heape

Inestimable stones, vnualed iewels,

Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in th

Where eyes did once inhabit, there w

As if it were in scorne of eyes, reflecti

Which wade the slimie bottome of th

And makt the dead bones that lay sca

Brok. Had you such leasure in the tim

To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe

Cla. Me thought I had : for still the

Kept in my soule, and would not let it f

To keepe the empty, vast, and wandrin